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PATLAR

Voice of Gay America

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THE NEXT WAVE

by Douglas N. Lewis

Patlar Is Six Years Old!!

While I have been a contributing columnist for only the past year, I can fully appreciate the dedication and drive it has taken to keep this magazine alive. Because I have been in the publishing field myself for about six years, I know that the search for advertisers, columnists, and methods of publishing is no easy task; and the editor and publishers are to be congratulated for their hard work.

The Play's The Thing

Throughout most of my life, I have found the creative expression to be my sanctuary. No matter what situation I have found myself in, I could explore it by dealing with it in a creative way. Usually that meant music. I have been a singer/songwriter since I was sixteen and have always been able to sing about my deepest feelings, be they positive or negative. I must admit that most of my songs were love songs, songs about relationships beginning, working, and ending. But occasionally I have been



moved to write politically and socially. It seems that the older I get, the more interested I become in events outside myself. I have ideas that "feel" important, at least to me, and there is always this urge to get them out. Maybe it's to find out if they are important, or if they are simply narcissism disguised as art. Maybe the expression of these ideas is my way of self-discovering my way through life. Maybe it is some kind of moral calling to attempt to make life better for other people. Maybe it's just a need for attention.

There are people who theorize that the creative impulse is the soul working through its problems. That art is a self-healing process. That doesn't mean that the creative expression is just therapy or emotional baggage disguised as "work." It does mean, however,

that man is an amazingly complex animal that is inextricably tied to his emotional nature. And that everything that has conspired to create us through our childhood and adulthood instructs our choices. I say this because I have experienced recently my art as a therapeutic expression as well as an artistic one.

On January 1, I began a project that seemed an inevitable extension of my recent experience. I began to write a play. A play with music of course, but not a musical. A drama--a play. I have been working on it for six months now and have finally written the words The End on the last page. What has fallen in between that first hesitant step on January 1 and now is too varied and surprising to actually explain, but it has opened my eyes and heart to a voice that I didn't know I had. It has showed me that my interests are not just about myself, but rather about the whole human condition and my part in it. This has been a journey of self-discovery and a many faceted lesson in the classroom of trying to be who I am.

I have never written a play before, so wanting to write one now was kind of exciting...and scary. But experiences that have occurred between my family and me, and my friends and me, and mostly my growing awareness of AIDS and man's mortality,





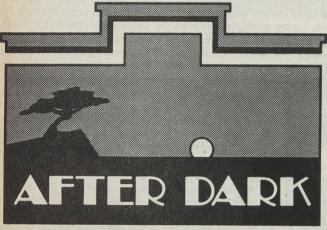
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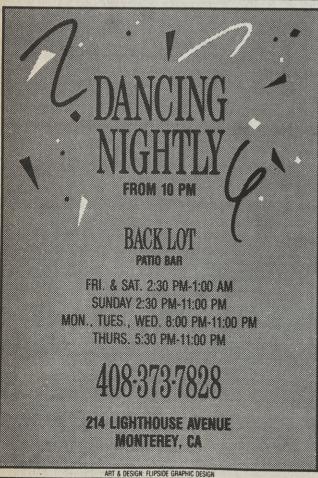
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have all come together in one statement of belief from within my head and heart. As a result, this play is a deeply personal yet universal expression, semi-autobiographical, semi-fictional, that encompasses all the important conflicts and feelings of my recent life. And it is therapy. My hope is that it isn't just therapy. That somewhere within its characters and chronology there is a hand that will reach out and touch those who read, and hopefully, see it. That there will be a word or moment that will move the emotions of the onlooker. That a character will speak very specifically and simply to the observer, and they will connect with what is being said. That's my hope.

But even if it never makes it to the stage, even if all those who read it never find a single hopeful spark, even if it is reviewed and thoroughly trashed by the critics, I can't help but feel that it has helped me grow. It is my voice, and it has spoken loudly to my spirit. I encourage anyone who has never tried to give the creative expression a try. Not to get rich from it. But to learn, to be enriched. Take a step that may not make you famous, but that will acquaint you with the inner workings of your own soul. Explore that part of you that may lie dormant and quiet. Let yourself run free upon the landscape of your feelings. And revel in the passions of being alive.

Letter to Jason at School

Dated June 29, 1981

by Ann Muller

[1988 Note: For several years, Guy Warner, founder of Parents FLAG, Chicago, patiently nudged parents to participate in



Chicago's Gay/Lesbian Pride Parade. In 1981, sixteen months after Jason came out to his dad and me, two other mothers and I were the first parents to do so in Chicago. Unexpectedly, the experience of being in the parade changed both how I felt about Jason being gay and about myself as his mother. This is how I described it all to Jason who was away at school that summer.]

Dear Jason

Well, the parade went on! After rain yesterday morning, the weather cleared, and we marched in sunny 87 degrees cooled by a nice breeze.

First, though, Guy had us to his apartment for brunch. One of the dads made great scrambled eggs with cream cheese. Somebody else made corned beef hash that had been cut by hand (by knife?--anyway, not in the Cuisinart), and Dad and I brought fresh fruit salad. They all asked about you and said to tell you hi.

[When we left Guy's apartment building that day and threaded our way through the crowds to where the parade was lining up, I mentioned to one of the other mothers how the excitement around us reminded me of my own feelings about the women's movement. Her answer was that the parallel, for her, was the struggle for black rights. I remember just how the sun looked on the concrete sidewalk in front of us on that day in 1981

See More MILLER, page 6.

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More MILLLER, from page 4.

when I first understood that significant link of gay to women and blacks.]

Before the parade started, Dad had established two "pooping-out" places along the way in case any of us got tired, but it ended up that two other mothers and me plus Ed, Guy, his Bob, and Paul walked all the way to Lincoln Park. We carried cardboard signs that read:

Parents and Friends of Gays

and

Gay Or Straight Love Is Great

At first when the onlookers saw who we were and started to clap, I started to cry, but then I reminded myself that I only had two Kleenex in my pocket.

And it was even more emotional as we turned the corner on Broadway. The accolades got almost overwhelming. Several times the crowd came right off the sidewalk, applauding, and kind of closing in on us as if they wanted to see our faces. Oh, Jay, the numbers of people, the very numbers.

[I remember hearing someone behind me say to Guy, "This is what you've been trying to tell parents would happen if they'd just come, isn't it?" and I say Guy's wide grin that answered the question.]

You know, Jason, how in a crowd you're inclined to avoid eye contact? Well, for some reason, I found myself doing exactly the opposite yesterday, and somehow it was that very thing, the seeing look, that moved me so.

As much as you and I both know that I didn't want to hear you were gay, being in the parade, surrounded by so many gay people was one of the most moving experiences of my life. Their faces touched me. They were so alive, so full of sensitivity, pain.

I say yesterday that you are part of a good group of people, people you'll be strengthened by. It was also pretty neat to get so much attention for just being your mom.

Dad took pictures of our group in the parade and as soon as they come back, we'll send them on to you. We tried to call when we got home last night, but you were out. Let us hear and take good care.

Love,

GAY ORGANIZATION OK IN POLAND

The Polish government has approved in principle the registration of an association for homosexuals. Mikolaj Kozakiewicz, a prominent sexologist and member of parliament from the United Peasant Party, said he was told by the Minister of Health that homosexual associations may be formed for different cities in Poland.

The Polish associations will have the right to their own publications and will be linked in some way to the public health service. Apparently there are about 30 male homosexuals in Warsaw who are willing to join the association, and a much larger group who would support it.

Homosexuality is legal in Poland, and persecution of homosexuals is unheard of. But homosexuals have complained of intolerance and bigotry.

COVER PERSONALITIES

Patlar's Cover Personalities for July are The Weather Girls! These artists have recently been doing a lot of benefits across the country for AIDS. The first single from their newest album entitled [what else?] "The Weather Girls" is "Land of the Believers."

CROSSROADS

BRIDGING COMMUNITIES THROUGHOUT AMERICA



HONOLULU

The Gay Community Center now has a permanent office. It is now located in Suite 415 of "Blaisdell on the Mall" (old Blaisdell Hotel) at 1154 Fort Street Mall. The new telephone number is (808) 536-6000. The mailing address has not changed and continued to be: Gay Community Center, PO Box 3224, Honolulu, HA 96801. Persons in the downtown area are invited to drop by to see the new center.

There are many projects planned for the future for the gay community. Participation by all interested persons is welcomed and encouraged.

TEMPLE CITY

Gay and Lesbian Alumni (GALA Alumni) of Occidental College in California are looking for other Oxy lesbian and gay alumni. GALA Alumni, which publishes a quarterly newsletter, recently sponsored a campus forum, "Oxy and AIDS," which over 100 students and alumni attended. GALA Alumni has published their experiences in a recent newsletter and invite other lesbian and gay alumni to request a copy.

For more information about GALA Alumni of Occidental College, call (213) 256-8249.

CUPERTINO

Apple Computers, Inc., in Cupertino, California, recently announced a policy of non-discrimination based on sexual orientation. The announcement came after a group of lesbian and gay Apple employees called Apple Lambda submitted a memorandum requesting a formal policy declaration from the firm.

Apple has previously supported the lesbian/gay community by donating computer equipment to such non-profit groups as the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, the Gay Men's Health Crisis of New York, the National AIDS Network, the Lyon-Martin Clinic, and the NAMES Project.

SALT LAKE CITY

Unconditional Support (US) is a support group for gay people. Members of US are involved in many projects such as monthly community dances. The group is planning a gay retreat, scheduled for the end of July, to be called "Beyond Stonewall." The retreat will be held at Camp Rogers in the Soapstone Basin.

Meeting times for US are Tuesdays 7:30 PM at Crossroad Urban Center (347 South 400 East). There are no dues or memberships required. For more information, Call (801) 534-8821.

ALBUQUERQUE

Gays and Lesbians for Understanding and Education (GLUE), Common Bond's community education committee, needs people who are willing to serve on a speakers' bureau. According to Common Bond director, Ron Gaudreau, Common Bond receives many invitations to speak to various local groups, "and we need well-prepared volunteers who would like to speak at such engagements." GLUE also needs volunteers to solicit additional speaking engagements and to help with other educational projects of the committee which include placing stickers promoting the Common Bond gay and lesbian helplines throughout the city and monitoring the local press in responding to gay or lesbian issues that arise in the media. To volunteer call (505) 265-5350.

SAN DIEGO

A National Lesbian Rights Conference is scheduled for October 7-10, 1988 in San Diego, California. The purpose for the conference is to coordinate activities with all organizations involved with lesbian rights. For more information, write to NOW, 1401 New York Avenue, N.W., Suite 800, Washington, D.C. 20005.

NEW YORK

Persons who want to learn what Senior Action in a Gay Environment (SAGE) is all about (and have a good time in the process) can attend the socials that are held one Sunday afternoon each month. The Co-chairs of these affairs are Ray Sullivan and Carol Crasson who state that the overriding raison d'etre for these monthly parties is to make it easy for older gay men and women to gather, to interact, to begin to know and understand one another, to share past experiences and present views, and together to create a future all the more meaningful because of shared, mutually understood concerns

The bottom line is that the socials have proven to be great fun. As a rule, at least 200 fun-loving folks show up each month. The ticket income (\$5 for SAGE members; \$6 for non-members) provides a slight fiscal shot-in-the-arm. However, in today's economy, ticket income does not even begin to cover the cost of these meticulously planned affairs. Regardless, their value is so highly regarded that their continuance is assured, with the SAGE coffers somehow expanding sufficiently to cover their considerable cost.

For more information, contact SAGE, 208 West 13th Street, New York, NY 10011; telephone (212) 741-2247.

PHILADELPHIA

Because of their sexual orientation, nearly half of Philadelphia's gay men and one-fifth of the city's lesbians were victims of violent crimes over a recent year period of time, according to a study released by the Philadelphia Lesbian and Gay Task Force.

The figures were almost 12 times the national annual criminal violence rate for all men and 10 times the rate for all women. In the state of Pennsylvania, but outside Philadelphia, the victimization rate for homosexuals was 8 times higher than the national average.

PATLAR, July 1988, Page 7

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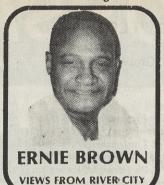
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SACRAMENTO

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine



day. The reason is that people can commend it without envy. And a fine day it was. I am speaking of the Gay Day, "Rightfully Proud" parade in San Francisco. This one had to be one of their biggest ever. Saw lots of old friends there, and met a lot of new ones...Our Gay Day Picnic here in Sacramento was also eventful. However, I would sure like to see more community representation. For instance, where were all of the gay bars, the gay organiza-

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tions? Come on; you are certainly out there! This would have been a good time for you to let your customers see you shine. More community involvement was needed. Then we could have been "Rightfully Proud."...Speaking of "Rightfully Proud": Terry Sidee of Faces, you did it again!! The Weather Girls (formerly known as "The Two Tons of Fun" and who were back-up singers for Sylvester and who are still his close friends) are on a national tour and have just finished recording their latest album, The Land Of Make Believers. From every single they sell, they donate a buck to AIDS research. A beautiful gesture indeed. Remember the title: The Land Of Make Believers. Get out there and buy some...Out at Joseph's Town & Country Club they are starting dinner shows. Every Sat. nite, starts at 7:30, cocktail show starts at 10:15. Stop! Think!! Could you use a little Christmas about now? Well, wait no longer. Joseph's is having a Christmas in July on July 23rd. A Special Christmas show. Santa Claus and the whole works...Bobbette at The Merc is still turning out those world-famous, tasty morsels every afternoon. Drop by and try one...Listen up. Coming soon: A new country & western bar located in West Sacramento on West Capitol Avenue. Name: Dino's Country & Western Bar. Full liquor. Get your shit-kicking boots out of the closet. More info later...There are a lot of activities going on at the other gay bars in the community. You all know them. Stop by and check out their schedules of event...Advice is seldom welcome; and those who need it the most almost always like it the least. But here goes. Stay out of Miller Park. People are getting picked up there (and I don't mean for fun & games, either) right & left. Cops everywhere. Camera surveillance. Please stand warned...Women Lawyers of Sacramento will host their Fourth Annual Fashion Show/Fundraiser on July 22 from 6:30-8:30 at the Pavilions on Fair Oaks Boulevard. Tickets are \$25 in advance and \$30 at the door. Call Whitney Rimel at (916) 444-3910 for info.

RUSSIAN RIVER

On the weekend of July 22, 23, and 24, Leather Weekend '88 takes place at Russian River in California. Hundreds of men and women from all over the republic are expected to attend this exciting three-day adventure.

A variety of events are planned at various locations around the area. These include a Uniform Party on Friday night, an extravagant Erotic Fantasy Masquerade on Saturday night, and a Leather Crafts Exhibition and an Erotic Leather Fashion Show on Sunday.

Leather Weekend '88 is being produced by Zap Productions, a joint venture of some of San Francisco's most innovative events promotors. A portion of the proceeds from Leather Weekend will benefit PWAs in Sonoma County through Face to Face and International Ms Leather, Inc.

For further information, please contact Joy at (415) 863-9413 or Kathy at (707) 869-0242. We look forward to seeing you at Leather Weekend '88!

FICTION

HOW DO YOU SAY "I LOVE YOU?"

by Lloyd R. Grosvenor

[Part 3 of 5 parts]

[The story thus far: Bobby Fitzgerald, a World War II "medic," has given a transfusion to a Japanese soldier he found in a cave where he and Sgt. Lautzenheizer and two others were sent by Lt. (Barge-Bucket) Swearengen. Bobby has previously had a "brief encounter" with (straight?) Kurt Lautzenheizer, and suspects the Sergeant and the Lieutenant have had more than a brief encounter. Bobby is attracted to the Japanese soldier--now his patient. The Japanese soldier has begun to recover, has opened his eyes and murmured to Bobby: "Makoto ... Makoto ... "]

I had no idea what Makoto meant at that time.

Kurt came back in just then. "How y'doin', Bobby?"

He called me Bobby when he was trying to belittle me. And he called me Bobby when he was trying to be gentle with me. It was his way. I could tell the difference. Somehow he had found out that my true, legal name was Bobby--not Robert. (How many times had I heard Mother say: "Bobby should have been a girl."? When I came she already had three boys.)

"Better," I said. "The transfusion took a little more out of me

than I expected."

"I been thinkin'," Kurt said. "We got about enough time to get back down to the field hospital before dark if you want to try it. "Actually, I'm still a bit shaky from the loss of the blood."

"Bullock and Carter can carry your Jap, and I'll carry the equipment. Think you could manage to walk alongside?"

'Gee, I dunno, Sergeant. I suppose so."

"Maybe we can time it so we'll get there just before dark and get him inside the field hospital before Swearengen gets a chance to see him.'

"I suppose that would be best."

"What did he say to you--your Jap soldier?"

"He said "Makoto. Makoto."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"I don't know."

"Your Japanese ain't much help."

"Doesn't seem to be."

We got down to the encampment and the field hospital as Lautzenheizer had predicted. It was dark enough to conceal most of our movement, but still light enough for us to see what we were doing. Bullock and Carter got my patient into the hospital tent, and I looked around to see if Swearengen was anywhere near--like coming to the hospital from Headquarters Company. He wasn't.

As I started to enter the hospital tent, I was met by Swearen-

gen coming out.

I tried to go past him, head down, pretending I didn't notice

"You! Fitzgerald."

"Yes, Sir!"

"What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"Don't play the innocent with me. I mean trying to put one over on me.

"I don't understand, Sir?"

"Don't give me that. Telling me that Jap in there was one of our own wounded men."

"You know, Sir, that medical personnel have to care for the enemy as well as their own," I said. "He doesn't care, Sir, if he's one of our own men or not. And neither do I."

"Don't get insubordinate, Fitzgerald. That's beside the point. You told me a lie."

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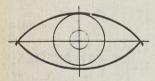


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"With all due respect, Sir, I did not such thing, Sir."

"What do you call it, then?"

"Well, Sir, I haven't seen you since yesterday, so I could hardly have told you--"

"It's the same thing. You told Sergeant Lautzenheizer to tell

I looked at Barge-Bucket keenly. He drew himself up to his full five-feet-ten, and as he grew more indignant, his broad, bargebucket butt began to protrude from behind more than ever. Once, I might have found this intriguing, but now I felt nothing but contempt for his petty actions.

"Do you intend to try to stop me from treating this

man...Sir?

"You get him sent back to his own people, Fitzgerald. Back to his own lines. That's an order.'

"I'd like to remind you, Sir, with all due respect, that my orders come from the Head Surgeon, Colonel Chance.'

"I out-rank your ass, Fitzgerald, so you do like I say."

"I'll take it up with Colonel Chance, Sir."

"You'll see to it, Fitzgerald."

All of a sudden, I was willing to lay myself open to protect my good-looking Japanese soldier lying the field hospital all bandaged, unconscious, helpless and in pain. There was no one within earshot of us, so I figured with no witnesses I would be safe to say what I was about to say.

"You listen a minute, Lieutenant," I said, lowering my voice. "I am not under your command, but you do have a certain amount of privilege and influence with my commanding officer. Not a hell of a lot, but enough, probably. You get me assigned to go with this patient to the hospital ship."

"What? What are you trying to pull, Fitzgerald?"

"He has shattered bones in his shoulder. We don't have the facilities to take care of that here. I doubt if they'll have it on the ship either, but they can take us on to Honolulu and do it there."

"What? Wet-nurse that Jap all the way to Honolulu?" "You get me assigned, Sir. You tell Colonel Chance this is an important Japanese officer, son of some imperial personage."

"This is preposterous. More of your lies. That's not true." 'Of course it's not true. Nobody gives a shit about truth in wartime. What is true, I said, confidentially, "is that I know about you and Sergeant Lautzenheizer."

"What! What are you talking about?"

"I had Kurt Lautzenheizer before you had him. Surely he must have told you. Men like him always blab everything."

Swearengen was outraged.

"I can have you court-martialed, you little pip-squeak."

"Don't be so outraged...Sir."

"You little son-of-a-bitch, I'll get you--"

I was sure of myself now. If it hadn't been true, he wouldn't have resorted to name calling. And he was still standing there listening to this.

'If I blab all I know, it'll get around. You can deny it if you want to, but you know as well as I do that people would rather believe juicy lies than the truth any day. The difference is this is the juicy truth."

"This is blackmail!"

"Yes, it is, Sir...Get me assigned...Sir."

I turned and went into the field hospital, leaving Swearengen gaping.

I was met by Kurt Lautzenheizer.

"We got your boy settled," he said, "and he's conscious." Kurt grinned. "Says he wants to talk to you."

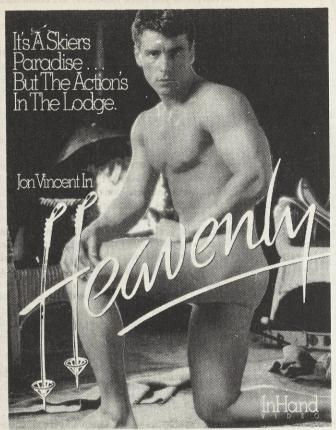
I was in no mood for Kurt's jokes, so I ignored this last.
"If he's really conscious," I said seriously, "I'll go talk to him."

"Well...he's sort of...conscious. At least he was last time I saw him."

"Thanks."

I hurried to my patient's side.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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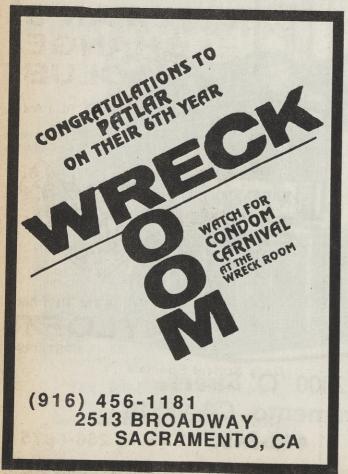
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GAY HISTORY: PART V

by Terry Boughner, Ph.D.

Sappho or "The Tenth Muse"

According to the ancient Greeks, art--poetry, music, history and the dance--arose from inspiration provided by goddesses known as the "Muses" who came from Mt. Olympus, descending the slopes of Mt. Helycon, feet clothed in mist. They sang "dewy words" in artists' ears and the result was beauty. According to the writer, Hesiod, there were nine of them. Yet the great Plato added a tenth; her name was Sappho.

Others agreed with the philosopher. The ancient geographer and historian, Strabo, said that "in all history you will find none to compare with her" and continued by calling her "a miracle." There have been no lack of others ancient and modern to agree: Ovid, Cicero, Lord Byron and John Addington Symonds to mention only a few. Sappho was the poetess, as Paul Roche, one of her modern biographers, says, "the complete mistress of lyric poetry." Her verses were known everywhere in the ancient world and her songs were sung across the Mediterranean.

Today it is hard to reach Sappho. The early church destroyed much of her work out of fear that its lesbian tones would infect good Christians. Today we have only about one twentieth of what Sappho wrote and much of that is in fragments. In addition, Sappho's wondrous language, in the original Greek, is highly sensuous and suggestive. She uses pat-

terns of sound that do not exist in English.

In spite of these obstacles, Sappho's words continue to

delight even the contemporary reader of English.

Sappho was born on the island of Lesbos sometime between 615 and 612 B.C. It's a lovely place in the Aegean Sea, bathed in the magic gold-white of the Greek sun and all set about with olive trees which shimmer silver in the breeze. Sappho's parents were noble and fairly well off. The ancient historian, Herodutus, tells us that she had two brothers, Charaxus and Larichus, the latter of whom, tradition says, was embarrassingly beautiful.

As for Sappho--or Psappha as she would have called herself--she seems to have been far from the Greek ideal of feminine beauty. The Roman poet, Ovid, says she was small and dark. Plato in Phaedrus, agrees. Thus, perhaps, a delicate, dusky loveliness like a lyre in a Greek evening filled

with stars.

She was married. We know that--and she had a daughter, Cleis, whom she loved dearly. But there is little more to be said of her married life. Her husband, it is supposed, died early. In any case, marriage left her singleness unaffected.

The capital of Lesbos was Mytilene and there Sappho lived in a society in which women held a place equal with men. This was certainly a rare situation in the ancient world. It allowed Sappho a freedom to live and develop her gift that

would have been denied in "golden" Athens.

It is often true that great artists have a thirst to teach and thus did Sappho open her home to young girls to instruct them in the glories of the dance, song, and, of course, poetry. Sappho taught them that while the elusive Muses might come to some unbidden, they could, by learning and practice, be invited. But not only were they there to cultivate the nine goddesses, they were there to worship Aphrodite, the goddess of love, as well.

Was he, as tradition has always held, a lesbian? Ancient sources have no problem saying that her main attraction was toward young people of her own sex. More modern authors have done everything possible to "absolve her."

A recent authority, Joseph Braddock, however, says that

we must not try and fit Sappho into a Procrustian bed of Christian morality; that some of her finest poems had their inspiration in her lesbian emotions. Certainly reading her work, there seems no escaping the heat of her sentiments and emotional involvement with various girl friends.

These young women in whom Sappho found so much love and beauty were those who stayed with her in her home. She was their teacher. They were, she says, "hetaerae" which in her day meant "intimate companion or bosom friend."

As with many good teachers, Sappho liked most of her students. Then she loved and gloried in the bloom and splendor of others. She loved their youthful beauty and wrote sensuously of them as she composed from her emotions rather than her ideas.

To one whom she loved named Atthis, Sappho writes that the girl caused a delicate fire to run through her flesh and brought cold-sweat running down; that her laughter battered her breasts and loosened her limbs. It is easy in the sapphic lyrics to see Atthis' sensual, undulating walk; the soft curve of her buttocks outlined by the diaphanous clothing and the full, roundedness of her breasts. Few can write of eros with such hot, grave accents. "I love you," Sappho says to Atthis, "long ago when my own girlhood was still in flower and you were irresistible, bitter-sweet."

Eventually, Atthis deserted Sappho for another woman, Andromeda, keeper of a school in Mytilene, similar to Sappho's. The poetess mourned "How fond and beautiful was the life we led together. You used to perfume your beautiful body in my bosom." So great is her grief that Sappho says that she might as well be dead.

But like most of us, Sappho lived on after this love died. And there were others. For example, the lovely Ryrinna who Maximum of Tyre tells us was to Sappho what Alcibiades was to Socrates. A powerful love, then-but a profound disappointment? Another was the beautiful Gongyla who Sappho was, instantly loved and went into agonies over whether to tell of her feelings or not.

As most of us do, Sappho finally speaks her love and pleads, "Hither to me tonight, I urge you, come Gongyla." Gongyla heeded the plea. It must have been a wondrous night as lust and love combined to join the two in hot physical union full of sweat and panting and bodies seeking and gaining release. In fact, Sappho wrote that Gongyla "scorched" her as she gave freely of her beauty.

Timne passed and Sappho grew old and that, not without anguish. "Ah, girls, that I may escape my wrinkles." There is a sad melancholy in her words as of a fog-shrouded pond in autumn. Plaintively she writes:

The Moon has disappeared
And the Pleids have left the sky
Midnight is near
Time slowly passes
And passes; yet
Alone I lie.

Somewhere in her 50s, Sappho died. She who her beloved Atthis once called "the sweetest of all women" had become, in her life, the supreme head of song--whose every word had a marvelous Mediterranean perfume of oleander and of hyacinth and who, as Ovid would say, had a name that filled the world. Yet with all of this, with all the women "with honey in their eyes" who found their way to her heart and bed, there was no life-long love for whom she yearned.

When news of Sappho's death reached beyond her island home, there were those who mourned the loss of future lyrics "to which the gods themselves might have made love." Such was the perfection and grace of these lines. It would be difficult to find a male poet whose "muse" has gained greater compliments.

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Yes, there is more and the way to discover that more is to:

Take a trip to Tahiti.

Buy a Porsche. Start a new affair.

These are the kinds of answers we find most of us come up with, most of the time. Or, perhaps we yearn for somewhat simpler avenues to the more, such as a new hairstyle, some new clothes, or repainting the living room. Yet, none of these is the way to the "more" of this column's title, though any of the above might initiate the process that discovers the

"more." Saul was on his way to Damascus when it happened to him. Elizabeth Barrett met Robert Browning. And, I'm sure there is someone who broke through into the "more" of life

driving the Pacific Coast Highway in a Porsche.

The truth is that the "more" is not in an "external" or in anything which we have to "do" in order to "get." The simple truth is that it is already there! And, I've just discovered a new book that keeps saying that, again and again, in dozens of ways--and even gives you some exercises and processes which should enable you to get to your "more," or at least take you to the door which can open into that.

Welcome Home: A Time for Uniting by Pretty Flower. channeled by Eileen Rota, is nearly three hundred pages of material which can serve to get you in touch with the complete magic and wonder that is at the very core of who you are, and it is there, within your own wondrous self, that the true "more"

awaits your discovery.

Perhaps--just perhaps--you've begun to notice in your life that the things that used to work, that used to "do it" for you, simply don't make it any more. It was said quite well by that longshoreman and self-educated philosopher, Eric Hoffer. "You can never get enough of what you really don't want."

Mother Teresa, speaking to a friend of mine, said that she was suffering deprivation of the kind that plagues so many in our world. "What is that?" my friend inquired, and Mother Tere-

sa said, "Spiritual deprivation."

And where does one find the fulfillment of "spiritual deprivation?" By going within, as Pretty Flower says, repeatedly in the book. Just a few quotes illustrate that.

When we search for God, where are we searching? Out there somewhere? My friend, the journey is within."

Speaking in more detail of this this, she says:

"Deep within the being would be the need for opening. For there would be the energies flowing forward from within. And what would these energies be crying out? That they would be able to be made manifest.

...How do we open? We simply make the statement, my friend, I OPEN, and we view in our being the opening. We are

in charge, my friend, of our very own being."

Don't mistake me; Pretty Flower knows that we fear those dark secrets and those angers and pains and grief that are also there, "inside" of us. And for that, she counsels that we accept that and know that that is part of the ALL that we are, and to deal with it is not to reject, but to accept. Then, she says:

"Within our beings would be the marriage of our own Darkness and Light. Within our being. For this would be the teaching coming forward--that there would be the recognition that within your very own self is the Darkness and the Light. It would be One in the same. One in the same. For there has been the seeking to be One, the seeking outside of self in the physical

That is my very own self I have been denying. Welcome home. I welcome that part of myself which I have been abhorring, which I have judged incorrect. I welcome that part of myself home. For I AM everything."

Pretty Flower is very clear that it is our "beliefs" about ourselves, about God, the Universe, even about belief, that keeps us from the experience of our own wonder and that of all others.

"When there has been the releasing of every single beliefthen, my dear friend, we have the existence of the 'now."

As countless sages have told us, if we can simply "be here now" we are in the light and everything is transformed. Indeed, the only thing that keeps us from experiencing our own enlightenment is the "belief" that we are not enlightened.

It's heady stuff! I encourage you to go past any sense of awkwardness that you may experience, initially, with some of Pretty Flower's usages of English; you will be richly rewarded if you do. You'll find that she provides many clues and information, as well as some very specific instructions for getting there...getting to the "more" that is your birthright.

there...getting to the "more" that is your birthright.

I recommend Welcome Home with joy! It's another wonderful tool that can assist all of us in getting to our "more."

[Ralph H. Walker, Ed.D., is creator of The Loving Brother-hood and the ALL NEW YOU Experience. The YOU will be the opening event at the Hawaii Men's Gathering at Kalani Honua, on the big island, Hawaii, August 7/8/9. For information, write or call Ralph at PO Box 556, Sussex, NJ 07461; (201) 875-4710.

Is Catapano's Vaccine the Answer?

A Long Island researcher is having extraordinary success treating persons with AIDS. Using typhoid vaccine in carefully measured amounts, Mr. Salvatore J. Catapano and his associates are reporting dramatic remissions in AIDS conditions in some 200 patients since treatment began in October 1986.

When typhoid vaccine, a proven immune enhancer, "reaches the lymphatic system, its unusual surface causes it to stimulate lymphocytes" which then produce lymphokines which in turn activate macrophages to go after foreign agents in the heids.

Following years of private research, Mr. Catapano was granted a patent for his protocol last December (patent # 4,711,876). AZT and Thymopentin are the only other patented treatments for AIDS, and unlike Catapano's regimen, are being heavily promoted by their owners/manufacturers.

Typhoid vaccine, an FDA-approved substance, is a generic product and hence cannot be 'owned' by any one manufacturer. Word of Catapano's success has come through grass roots support, one patient sharing the story with another.

For additional information, please write Mr. Michael Smith, Patient Advocate Network, 279 Collingwood St., San Francisco, CA 941114.

"Poof" & "Poofter" Are Now OK In Gay Ole England!

Britain's Press Council decided recently that newspaper editors can use the words "poof" and "poofter" at their discretion to describe gay people.

The Council rejected complaints against newspapers concerning headlines that read "Runcie's Poof Ban" and "Runcie Backs Ban On Pulpit Poofs."

The Council acknowledged that the language was coarse and intended to be derogatory and insulting to gay people. But, it said, the words are commonly used and so come within the discretion of editors.

The complaint was made by a London gay-rights group after newspaper coverage of Church of England debate last year on banning gays from the clergy. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie, is the clerical head of the Church of England.

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ON THE ROAD:

a continuing saga

by Michael Lane and Jim Crotty



The Monks last left you in Wilcox, Arizona [May Patlar] popping popcorn and watching the trains go by. But the winds of Wilcox soon blew us north to Sedona, Ari-

That first afternoon I was cooking a meal in another crowded parking lot next of Oak Creek outside of Sedona. Jim walked up with a hungry smile when I head a loud bang. As I looked up I said, "Oh, my god, the field's on

fire."

I grabbed my shovel, my smokey bear hat, yelled at Jim to get water, and was off beating down flames and digging a trench. I had to coax a few other fellows into the fight since they were looking at me like it was my own private little forest fire. And soon we had a whole team of us stomping, kicking, and running for water. Then came the men with the ice chest coolers pouring their ice everywhere. A kid poured out his pepsi and finally Jim arrived with our teapot and put out the final flame with a good dose of Calli tea.

Our first night camping out under the stars was a thrill. First, we argued over dinner, then we argued over dishes. Finally, we apologized and went to look for UFOs. That soon proved to be our standard evening fare. They say here in Sedona that whatever emotional "blocks" you have going will be magnified a hundred times. And since we just love to live up to theories,

we obliged.

Well, that soon wore off. After a week of wandering around, looking for the "right spot," we finally settled on the

most obvious destination. The Hawkeye R.V. park.

Now this isn't just any ordinary R.V. park. Though the R.V.s are stacked ten deep to an aisle and the TV sets, radios, and microwaves compete with the cicadas, there is something different here. First of all, there is the river. An ice-cold stream tumbles over rocks flowing through a fifteen foot deep swimming hole. Then there is the gigantic seven foot hawk carved in the top of an old tree. And then there is the thirty foot cliff from where you can hurl yourself into the icy waters below. Now that's living.

Our first day here was like a homecoming. They say we have positive energy, so the kids keep coming by and the cat lovers keep coming by and the retired folks keep coming by to

see what we're doing.

Well, we're not always doing what they would like us to be doing. Jim's always running around in between nude and half nude, Aide is still pissing on everyone's tires, and I still stand on my head doing the breath of fire. Of course, if we want privacy, we just climb into our one man pup tent. But that's sure to raise an eyebrow, especially when the tent begins to go into hard breathing and bounces around the campground.

Here is America's answer to the refugee camp and the nomadic village. The refugees, of course, are from the cities. But we all seem to have one thing in common. We love to talk. Here I have learned the art of conversation. It helps, however, to know who you're talking to. There are the campers on the "uptown" side of the R.V. park. They all drive \$30,000 motorhomes and pay the full \$16 for complete hookup. Then there are the "riverside" campers with their pickup campers and pull along pop top units who pay \$12 for partial hookup.

If you're from uptown, chances are the main point of conversation is what you did to earn enough money to buy your

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motorhome. If you're from the riverside, it's where to find the

cheapest place in town to eat.

Our fellow campers probably don't know what to make of us. By then they think we're a little strange. But let's face it. We ARE strange. First of all, there's the computers on the picnic table. Secondly, there's the couriers delivering packages to our campsite. And thirdly, there's the phone booths. While the German, French, Japanese, and American tourists are playing horseshoes and barcecueing meat, we can be found in the phone booths three hours at a time selling ads.

Waffles, by the way, have become our latest craze. Why else would we be at an R.V. park other than to plug in our greasy, secondhand waffle iron. It's our greatest ritual jet. Buckwheat waffles, blue corn waffles, waffles with peanuts, waffles with peaches, waffles with seaweed, waffles with onions and, of course, waffles with soymilk. It's liquid, it's sweet, it's creamy--

milk without the cows.

Of course, Jim is not without an addiction. As long as it comes in a bottle, is encapsulated, and is herbal...he will take it. We've got herbs for sleeping, herbs for waking, herbs for diges-

tion, herbs for depression, herbs for relaxing.

One of our first treks took us to the Hopi Reservation. My expectations were high as we entered the desolate lands of the Hopi mesas. We arrived late afternoon in the midst of a thunderstorm on third mesa. After promptly running down the battery and avoiding a few drunken men, we finally made contact with a half dozen Hopi teenagers who took to us like ducks to a pond. For hours we walked the village and talked to our hosts about our travels and their life on third mesa. Their smiles and laughter caressed our hearts as we rested atop a hill in their village. Soon we had six radiant faces reading The Monk with promises to someday return.

On our second night we found another RV park on our map. After an hour of travel, we arrived at a Hopi Tribal Council Mobil Home Park complete with wild coyotes and free electrical hookups. The next morning, our thirst for history took us to the first mesa where we had visions of meeting the clan leaders and medicine men. As we climbed the steep incline to the mesa, we were overwhelmed with the view that reached for miles around. Up on top were were soon escorted into the second oldest inhabited village in America. Here, our tour guide explained the traditions of their ancestors that had continued from this spot for over 800 years. As we walked the village, we could imagine their dances, their rituals, their food and work as they lived high above the desert below. And every now and then we would see a beautiful, dark-skinned, weathered face look out from a window and smile.

But things have changed. Electricity and cars have arrived on the mesas. And with it, a numbing of the senses. Trash was strewn everywhere. White man's bottles and beer cans were painful reminders of our annihilation of a native culture. And our inquiries about the Hopi Prophecies were met with blank expressions and apathy. I could see in my host's eyes generations of people who felt betrayed to the core. And for a moment,

I felt ashamed to be "white."

Back in Sedona at the Harmonic Convergence: As the fateful day approached, we were swept up in the excitement of the "New Age" dawning. Crystal madness was sweeping through the canyons and carloads of seekers arrived in our

People began coming out of the woodwork to join us. Chuck "Sumac" Kastner made a surprise appearance from San Francisco complete with his five-octave impersonation of Yma Sumac, that Peruvian Princess. Regina and Ramana, Rosemary and Rex all took the great cliff jump initiation with us and Pi came by to compute on our Mac and eat pies.

But the question of the day was: What are you doing for

the Convergence?

Since we weren't too sure what would happen on those days, we climbed to one of the highest points in Sedona. There, high among the clouds with the stars overhead, we asked our inner guides for our higher purpose.

After many nights of chanting, it has finally come through.



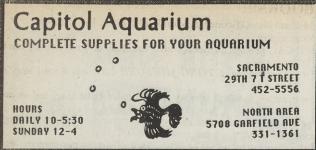
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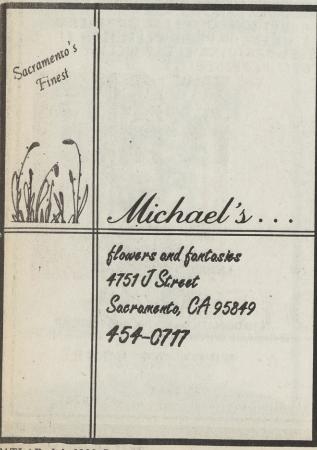
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1988 seems to be passing from month to month as quickly as those White House aides who are leaving the Reagan administration. With all the various high-ranking personnel departing and then telling all, the White House should think of starting their own 'Book-of-the-Month' club, with all the proceeds being directed to help pay for the 8-year shopping spree that President Reagan has hiked up and will leave his successor without once

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looking back. It goes to show that as time passes, some things stay the same.

Unlike the political arena, the music industry has rebounded from "The Year That Should Never Have Been--1987," by turning out some top-rate releases for the first half of 1988. In this column I will give my highest recommendations for albums and compact discs released between January 1 through June 30, 1988. Each release was awarded its ranking according to have it was compared to other comparable releases of this same period. Each release was also evaluated as to the artistic statement, musical substance, and recording quality [# = excellent quality recording]. 1988 has proven to be innovative, interesting, and a breath of fresh musical air. Let's hope the remainder of this year will follow suit.

- 1. TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman, Elektra #
- 2. SAVAGE, Eurythmics, RCA
- 3. A MUSICAL TESTAMENT, Marvin Gayle, Motown
- TURN BACK THE CLOCK, Johnny Hates Jazz, Vir gin
- gin
 5. CHALK MARK IN A RAIN STORM, Joni Mitchell,
 Geffen #
- 6. IDLEWILD, Everything But The Girl, Sire
- 7. THE LAST EMPEROR, Soundtrack, Virgin #
- 8. NEVER DIE YOUNG, James Taylor, Columbia #
- 9. THE MODERNS, Soundtrack, Virgin #
- 10. ...NADA COMO EL SOL, Sting, A&M#
- 11. STATE OF THE HEART, Maureen McGovern, CBS #
- 12. UNION, Toni Childs, A&M #
- 13. POSITIVE, Peabo Bryson, Elektra #
- 14. MORE DIRTY DANCING, Soundtrack, RCA
- 15. STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade, Portrait]
- 16. SCENES FROM THE SOUTHSIDE, Bruce Hornsby & The Range, RCA
- 17. GET HERE, Brenda Russell, A&M #
- 18. GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, Soundtrack, A&M
- 19. DISTANT THUNDER, Aswad, Island
- FROM LANGLEY PARK TO MEMPHIS, Prefab Sprout, Epic
- 21. ISN'T IT ROMANTIC, Michael Feinstein, Elektra #
- 22. NO BOUNDARIES, Various artists, CBS #
- 23. ALL OUR LOVE, Gladys Knight & The Pips, MCA
- 24. TEAR DOWN THESE WALLS, Billy Ocean, Arista
- 25. THE SYMPHONY SESSION, David Foster, Atlantic #
- 26. TELL IT TO MY HEART, Taylor Dayne, Arista
- 27. TAKING CHARGE, Shirley Eikhard, Cypress
- 28. CALENTURE, The Triffids, Island
- 29. WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY, Rick Astley, RCA
- 30. CASTALIA, Mark Isham, Virgin #
- 31. JOY, Teddy Pendergrass, Elektra
- 32. BODY & SOUL, Jenny Morris, Atlantic
- 33. SKELETONS, Stevie Wonder, Motown #
- 34. STAY ON THESE ROADS, A-Ha, Warner
- 35. SHORT VACATION, Kenny Vance, Gold Castle # 36. NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, Ruben Blades, Elek

tre

books! Books!! BOOKS!!!

AS WE ARE by Don Clark (nonfiction) and GOLDENBOY by Michael Nava (fiction). Alyson Publications, Inc., Boston. Reviewed by Dean Stonehocker

Don Clark, a clinical psychologist, is the author of LOVING SOMEONE GAY, perhaps the finest book I can think of for bolstering one's gay self-identity and easing the difficult journey from closet to parade.

Possibly my respect for his first book is the reason this one seemed so disappointing. LOVING SOMEONE GAY was a road map, a guidebook, a useful traveling campanion. It was never obscure or mystical.

In AS WE ARE, however, Mr. Clark has apparently descended from the mountain to tell us who we are, where we came from, and where we're going. This man's hubris makes me bristle.

We are, he assures us, happy (though not without our troubles) and more capable of loving than most other communities. We are growing, changing, evolving...and so on. We are, evidently, all pacifists, liberal Democrats, art lovers, and beings on considerable soul.

The book is little more than a collection of just such sweeping and flattering generalizations as these. It's a silly, pointless exercise that attempts to deny our individual identities as men and women who happen to be gay.

Are you less gay, for instance, because you vote Republican, or favor a strong defense? What if opera and fine art don't interest you much? Sorry, but I guess there's no room in Mr. Clark's lavender inn for those who enjoy whisky and fast cars.

Look, Mr. Clark, we aren't some amorphous glob of protoplasm out here. We're gay individuals with, basically, only ONE thing in

common, a sexual preference. Good grief, I sometimes despair of ever finding two gay people who can agree on anything. We cannot be stereotyped so easily as you, sir, seem to think.

True, the book is loaded with warm and fuzzy sentiment, and for some that will no doubt suffice. For example: "As a group," he writes, "we are prone to see the funny sides of things, we do much to create an aesthetic environment that is harmonious with nature, and we work for peace. (...) Love flourishes when savages are tamed or entertained."

And there's a good amount of this kind of thing: "My responsibility is not the ownership and management of time, it is the harmonious placement of my life in the eternal flow of change." Only a guy who hasn't punched a time clock in the last forty years would have the guts to say something like that. Thumbs down on AS WE ARE.

GOLDENBOY is about a gay male busboy accused of murdering a fellow employee, an outspoken homophobe. The accused is represented by a gay attorney and former alcoholic, Henry Rios, who investigates the case and solves the crime. It's a twisty, surprise-filled journey through an artfully created landscape of flesh-and-blood characters and vividly described scenes.

Himself an attorney, Mr. Nava's first novel, THE LITTLE DEATH, received widespread critical acclaim. And justly so, for he writes very

well, with the ear of a poet, a keen eye, and a legally trained mind.

In GOLDENBOY, he creates memorable and believable characters: "Born and bred in Vermont, Larry retained a New England asperity even after twenty years in Beverly Hills where he practiced entertainment law. His looks fit his manner: he was tall and thin and beneath the pink, nude dome of his head he had the face of a crafty infant."

He also paints the scenery defuly: "We talked of small things as I drove into San Francisco. We came over a hill and then, abruptly, the city's towers rose before us through the mist and rain, glittering stalagmites in the cave of night, and beyond them, sensed rather than seen, the

wintry tumble of the ocean."

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Henry falls in love while working on the case with Josh Mandel, a boy eighteen years his junior. Here, perhaps, is the novel's only letdown, as the romance interrupts the storytelling.

But the ending, a real rouser, more than makes up for any unsteadiness along the way. This one I can recommend wholeheartedly.





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CRACKER'S CUPBOARD

by Crackers IX de Modesto

Quick and easy, that's my style. This recipe is made for summer eating. It travels well in the ice chest for outings or works well just for patio dining. The best part of all is that all you need, besides the ingredients and containers, is a can opener.

If you use a manual opener instead of an electric one, you'll at least feel like you did some work. Don't be fooled by

the simplicity. It's great.

SUMMER BEAN SALAD

1 can (16 oz) kidney beans, drained 1 can (16 oz) garbanzo beans, drained 1 can (16 oz) cut green beans, drained 1 can (8 3/4 oz) whole-kernel corn, drained 1 cab (4 oz) diced green chiles 1/4 cup sliced green onion 1/4 cup mild taco salsa (green) 2 Tbsp red-wine vinegar 2 Tbsp olive oil 1/2 tsp garlic powder

Combine all the beans, corn, chiles, and onion and gently mix well. In a separate bowl combine salsa, vinegar, oil, and garlic. Mix well. Add to the salad and gently toss. Cover and chill. Best if made a day ahead. For traveling, be sure to pack in a leak-proof container.

Yummies In Your Tummies, Dears!

HOROSCOPES

by Pat Larr, Sci.D.

CANCER (Jun 21-Jul 22): The "Dream Date From Hell" finds his way to your door. You'll get a free meal out of it at the very least.

LEO (Jul 23-Aug 22): Are you fated to live out "Fat Attraction" in the flesh? It would seem so. Beware of the iealous "X."

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sep 22): A date with Mr. Wrong surprises you when Mr. Wrong turns into Mr. Could Be.

LIBRA (Sep 23-Oct 22): You've got it ass-backwards if you think a tiger can change its stripes; that cat-like guy you like won't quit catting around.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): Time to pick yourself up. Dust your dick off, and start all over again-more fish in the sea and all that.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): An ugly financial situation is removed from your shoulders mid-month, but it'll have you back on your knees by month's end.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): You get a workout with a hunk who likes to work out. A little disrobics never hurt anvone.

AOUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): Sexy underwear has you up and coming mid-month, and you thought a condom couldn't be

PISCES (Feb 19-Mar 20): A sexy face from out of the past flits back into your life by month's end. Yes, it's time for a final face off.

ARIES (Mar 21-Apr 19): Summer's here. Just remember, your sex drive is all in your head. Lower it!

TAURUS (Apr 20-May 20): Some interesting soap operas sweep into your life mid-month. Yes, you've got a hot and humpy tear jerker in the works.

GEMINI (May 21-Jun 20): You bump buns with a badnews sailor who "ships" all over the place, and wants you to clean up the mess.

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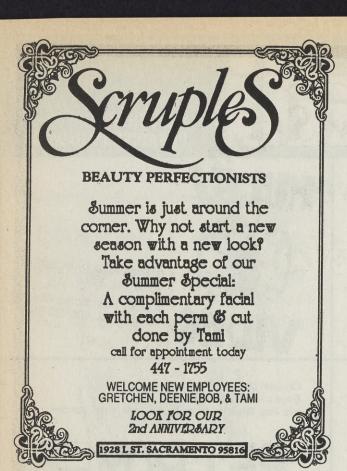
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FICTION

Call Me Slut, But Never Whore

by Mark C. Blazek

"Why are you always watching me?"

"Because I seek pleasure. And when I watch you, such a detail as the bow of your body, the way you always find something to lean on when talking to anyone. You are better than the finest work of art."

"But I told you, I have a boyfriend."

"And I wonder which at your table he is."

"He wouldn't be too happy about..."

"And somehow it seems so unfair that I should hate them all..."

"...us seeing each other..."

"...to know I was hating him..."

"...or having dinner..."

"...for having something which I felt was mine."

"...or anything."

"Timothy Lance--the name fits you."
"How'd you know my middle name?"

"Hmph, those are the easy things to find out about strangers you want to know."

"Come on, how'd you do it?"

"Didn't your friends tell you? I asked them for your last name."

"Oh, and then you looked it up in the student directory or something?"

"Or something."

"What else did you find out about me?"
"Nothing about the hard questions."

"Oh, yeah, like what?"

"Like what kind of man you are."

"My boyfriend..."

"Wondering how good it would feel to love you."

"You know how it is."

"How perfect it would seem..."

"I'm sorry."

"...to call you mine."

"Good-bye."

"Excuse my staring."

"That's OK."

"I hope you don't mind if I send you roses someday?"

"I don't know..."

"But all I really seek is the chance to make love with you."

"Does he ever have to find out about this?"

"About what?"

"Well, about anything we'd do. Like if we went out or something..."

"I don't care. I already hate him."

"...and had a relationship."

"That's up to you."

"What about you?"

"I'm content to return here every night, as I know you've noticed I have for the last six months, and watch you, be in your presence, know the meaning of idol."

"Will you wear a condom?"

"Who said anything about sex?"

The End

Happy Sixth
Anniversary
Patlant

PATLAR, July 1988, Page 23

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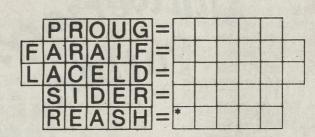
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Answers in Classified Section

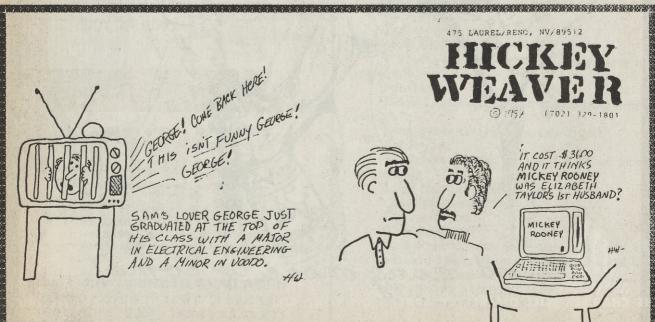
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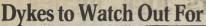
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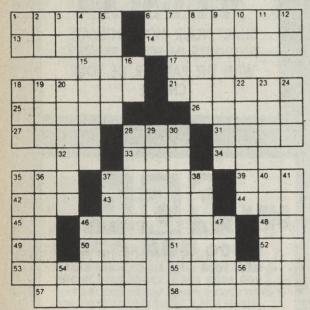






GAY PRIDE

Answers in Classified Section



15. Roof adornment

17. Writer Fleming

25. Religious groups

21. Nabobs

18. Actress Mara & others

ACROSS

- 1. Walk with a wiggle
- 6. Gay Beverage
- 13. Showy military cap
- 14. Certain cats

- 26. Greased 27. Rim
- 28. Auto fuel
- 31. Bigoted group
- 32. Either
- 33. Height (abbr.)
- 34. World war number
- 35. Pigs home
- 36. Computer data
- 37. Ages
- 42. Exclamation of surprise
- 43. Separated
- 44. James Bond for one
- 45. Greek letter 46. They need a few
- good men 48. Overhead train
- 49. Daily necessity?
- 50. Sash
- 51. Before
- 52. Neg. answer
- 53. Overseas
- 54. Seafood?
- 55. Toothed
- 58. Color enhancer

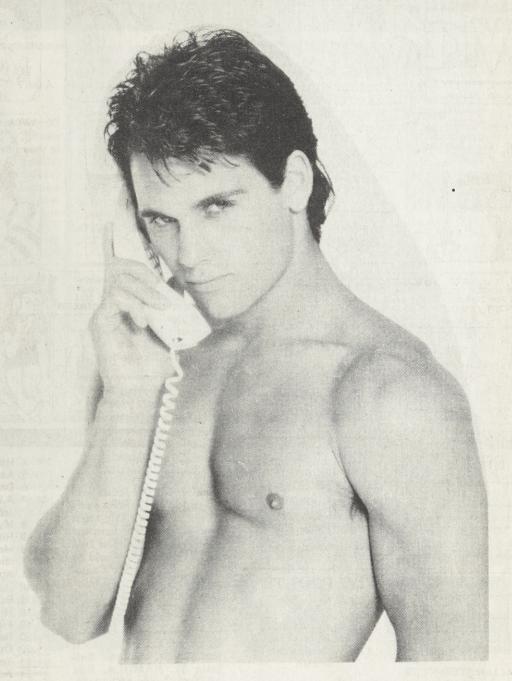
DOWN

- 1. Hitler's elite
- 2. Poet Auden (init.)
- 3. Midwestern postmark

- 4. Helter
- 5. Aspirations 6. Dad
- 7. A,B,C, for example (abbr.)
- 8. Mystery writer March
- 9. Heyerdahls raft
- 10. McKinley's replacement (init.)
- 11. Apiece (abbr.)
- the World Turns 12.
- 16. Exists
- 18. High card
- 19. Flop
- 20. Bar in Tampa
- 22. Our side in 34 across
- 23. Teachers group
- 24. Auto type (abbr.) 28. What Lambda
- signifies 29. Asian mountain chain
- 30. Most severe
- 35. Latin dance
- 36. Digits
- 37 black sheep
- 38. Music system

- 40. Eye
- 41. Synthetic material
- 46. Unproved 49. Irish John
- 54. About
- 56. Myself

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PATLAR, July 1988, Page 28

PERSONAL

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CLEAR LAKE lonely country guy, can you help? Phonepal, exciting photos, or even in person! I'll treat you right. Wayne, PO Box 1000, Lucerne, CA 95458, (707) 274-8694. [8112][

FIVE FOOT TEN

with eyes of blue.

Bars all the same, tired of the game, a special friend would be heaven.

Good looking neat is what I am with intelligence and humor.

So write today and send away because my single life and this poem need a happy ending that works.

Reply to Patlar Ad 7-10, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

SPRING is sprung, the grass is rizz. I wonder where my honey is? Do you enjoy the outdoors, movies & music? Looking for a special man to share your life with? If so, I think we need to meet. I'm 5'10", medium build, 40s, looking for a non-smoking, affectionate man, mid-20s to mid-40s. If this sounds like you, let's get together & explore the possibilities of a long-term relationship. Write Patlar Ad 5-05, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA

GWM, good looks, desires buddies/couples for safe enchanted evenings. Smooth, slim a plus. All replies with description answered. Write Patlar Ad 5-07, c/o Patlar, Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

GWM, good looking, 26, 5'10" 150 lbs, straight acting. No: AIDS, herpes, overweights, heavy drug users please. Jim PO Box 237, 3317 Julliard, Sacramento, CA 95825. [87PL]

ARE YOU a young man looking for the father you never had? If you want a mature man to hold you, touch you and to show concern and affection to you, then let's meet. Ideally you should be communicative, have a natural warmth and be a good person. Write Patlar ad 6-01, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

MAN/BOY LOVE, news, anthologies, opinions. Bulletin \$1. NAMBLA, Box 1923, St. Louis, MO 63118. [8805]

GWM, 48, will give good deep throat head on a regular basis. Call Marvin (916) 444-8580. [87PL]

LATIN MALE, 23, 5'11", smooth, seeks latin or GWM 18-30 to give and receive full-body erotic massages, body rubs, etc. No runks or drugs. For appt. call Tony (916) 921-9928. [87PL]

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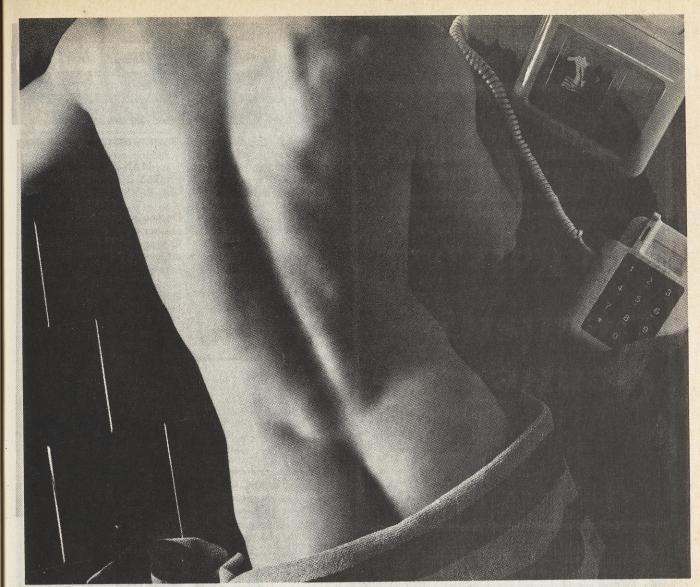
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RESTIVE recluse needs rescue by amiable GW knight near his spry 50s (younger accepted!); frowns on weed, wine, dope; smiles on sharing walks, talks, meals, trips, the arts. Write Patlar Ad 7-A, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA. [810PL]

YOU'RE alone, I'm alone; warm togetherness is surely better. Cheerful, lucid GWM 50s seeks same 40-65 for joyful like-sharing sans drinks, drugs, smokes. Write Patlar Ad 7-B, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822. [810PL]

HANDSOME, 5'10", 165, 40s, wants to find a person my own age or younger who is looking for a long-term relationship. I am thoughtful, kind, fun loving. I like books, movies, and the outdoors. I do not like bars, drugs, smoking, or excessive alcohol use. If you are good looking, straight appearing and acting, honest and gentle, please send phone number to Patlar Ad 5-02, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.



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PATLAR, July 1988, Page 29

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P O BOX 8254 PALM SPRINGS CALIFORNIA 92263 (619) 323-0552 QUIET, secure GWM, 50s, 6-2, 175, br hair & eyes, non-drinker/smoker/drugger, seeks WASP-type pal 40-60s. Likes Bach, books, ballet, Channel 6, puns, comedies, word games, walks, trips, shared time. Dislike bars, brawls, bitchiness, rock, "gay scene." Write Patlar Ad 7-C, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822. [810PL]

GWM 5'9" 150 lbs, brn hr & eyes, 25, shy, came out of the closet recently, wants to meet GWM 25-40, macho, sexy, cowboy for friendship or more. Must be clean from drugs/poppers. Must be responsible and know what he has to share. My days off are Sundays & Mondays. Work graveyard shift. I live in Sparks, NV. I don't drive but I like all kinds of food and country western music. Like dancing. In summer I love to get it on under the stars with someone special, but hate oneniters. Social drinking and smoking OK. Reply to (702) 359-3419 11:45 AM to 1:50 PM Sun & Mon only. Ask for Steven in apt. 9. Write 930 "I" St., Sparks, NV 89431. [87PL]

GWM-28, would like to correspond, have visits by anyone interested. Please write! Incarcerated in AIDS unit, but healthy. Charles Spencer, D-53965-N-102-u, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000. [8IEPL]

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